



The real, PERFECT CURE.

Air : The Cure. As sung by Tony Pastor.

Young Love he plays some funny tricks
With us, unlucky elves;
So, Gentlemen, I pray look out,
And take care of yourselves.
For, once I met a nice young maid,
Looking so demure;
All at once to me she said :
You are a perfect Cure !

Chorus : A Cure ! a Cure ! a Cure ! a Cure !
Now isn't I a Cure ?
For, here I go, my high-gee-wo—
For, I'm the perfect Cure.

I waisted on her lots of cash,
In hopes her love to share ;
With her I used to cut a dash,
And all things went on square..
Until I caught another chap,
Who on his knees did woo her ;
She cried, as he my face did slap :
Oh ! give it to the Cure !

Chorus : A Cure ! a Cure ! &c.

I was laid up for seven long months,
(Indeed, I'm not romancing,)
Which brought on Mr. St. Anthony's dance :
That's why I keeps on dancing.
One day, a P'leeceman called on me ;
I felt alarmed, be sure.
Along with me come on ! says he ;
For, you're the perfect Cure !

Chorus : A Cure ! a Cure ! &c.

He took me 'fore the Magistrate,
And there stood faithless she ;
An artful tale she did relate,
And laid the blame on me.
The case created lots of fun,
At my expense, I'm sure ;
Look out, or else you may be done,
Just like the perfect Cure.

Chorus : A Cure ! a Cure ! &c.